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THE POETRY SOCIETY OF WINNIPEG

1947

DOMINION-WIDE COMPETITION

POEMS

Awarded Prizes

and

Honourable Mention

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PRODIGAL.

This is the long awaited coronation that set in our ears the jaying gossips humming, low the note is closed on a final bar of song: 'Spring is coming, coming."

Exultant church chimes heave their weight of wings, lelch forth a protest from their belly's hollow; let free from conventry upon the singing, clamouring air idgeon, dove and swallow.

ld men take up the cry, leave hibernating, ld women sullenly unwind, undo he corsetted arteries, the laced-up veins of cold etting the rich blood through.

nd the young girl in her adolescent cocoon, reasts quickened, thighs heavy with fevered anticipation, tarts like a young deer in the questioning thicket poised or the initiation.

ere in the park above the turret tops
ubed, diamond-set around Memorial Square,
he Unknown Soldier on his mud-stained pedestal
ndifferent, unaware
f his dirty face, his streaming hair and eyes,
tands rapt with wonder as he sees her pass,
one with a jingle of earrings, a shimmer of flesh, a scent
f fragrant rain-wet grass.

nd O, how sweet the sound of her bracelets' laughter, he brittle fragments of laughter that cut with an edge, splintered piece of sky, the prisoning bars of bough, now-thicket, tower and hedge.

Id O, what joy to heart the sight of her,

IT streaming sunlight; skirt above bare knees soped, basket-like, as she goes dancing down the lanes prinkling leaves on trees.

Myra Lazeczko Haas.

ALABIOSES

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lyra Larooske Lang

an inti

SNOW

What monstrous wreckage from Earth's endless agonies, Since Time began, has snow Shrouded in peace!

First, things related to chaos and seeking
Substance and form - giant upthrust of mountain,
Gasping volcanoes and broken-toothed glaciers,
Scarred and contorted strata of rocks.

All this it witnessed through Time almost infinite, And without comment Shrouded in peace.

Then from the vallies arise the sun-drinking, Lush speckled plants; grow gaudier, fiercer; Fight for the light with hooked claw, hairy tendril, Clutching and stabbing, choking or choked.

All this it witnessed through Vast span of ages, And without comment Shrouded in peace.

Massively armoured monsters emerge, and Wander like loosened pieces of landscape, Come on each other and launch blindly into Battles that leave their hulks deadlocked in death.

All this it witnessed through Demning pre-history, And without comment, Shrouded in peace

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And sometrous wrockego fro Carth's endiess sgentes, Since Time bogan, has snow Obreveed in peace;

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All this it witnessed through was agen.

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Now very quickly come changes and marvelsMan is seen lighting fires, felling trees, building;
Matching the beauty of mountain and snow-flake
With purest wonders of passion and skill.

All this it witnesses
Adds its own beauty
Momentous union
Of nature and man!

But the scene darkens: fire, smoke and sulphur Scorch the quiet countryside, leaving a wrack of Bronze helmet - coat-of-mail - red tunic - battle-dress -Blood-spattered stone-work and stiff, mangled limbs.

> All this it witnessed through Some thousand winters, And without comment Shrouded in peace.

And when this happens once more; when man stretches Furtive and fear-palsied hands for the weapon That will bring victory riding on doom:
When the flash binds and the wave overwhelms all - When the last shriek ushers in the long silence - When the brief incident, Man, is concluded, Nothing remaining of all he created But the mute wreckage amid the split rocks

This with a final sigh
It will shroud tenderly
Whisp'ring a ghostly: Why?
Through all Eternity.

Second prize.

Geoffrey Vivien

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Now very quickly name changes and mervels-Man is seen lighting fires, felling areas hallding; Matching the heauty of mountain and annewflate With purect wonders of passion and skill.

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this happens once more; when man proposed and to the papers and four the weapon in the form; the binds and the ware overwhelms all a last shriet unbers in the long silence to the fine; silence to the fine; silence to the fine; silence to the fine; silence to the shriet to the species and the applit roots muse wrockess and the applit roots fine; with another the silence of the with another the silence of the

Geolfrey Virtes

, eating Lacos

THE VOYAGE.

Those on the shore have waved their love to us. Darker and darker, now farther and farther away from the named and familiar day. This is a still forever to last for a while until we approach

The eventual harbour. Neither the day discarded Nor the inchoate dawn can enter our cabin privacy; cocked behind strangeness we are safe from ourselves and humanly look for our others.

Within a sea-borne shell we live long enough to love where the past cannot reprove. Curled in the sun, bodies forget their failures, so bjective like a toe, our affections smile at us and do not let us weep, for in this one-tense interval lo-day reacts to-morrow.

(The past will not leave us. like death it is ours and waiting. This is not now. a parturient loss will find us our futures at every low, but this is not now, here between .)

We play at allegory and startle our own meaning with in unimportant truth, hide and seek the hidden where childhood buried child. Pilgrims to an old unconquered world.

(The past will not leave us alone.)

Some will return to a pattern of worry, some will turn to reform

As soon as we land; some will continue to be and behave as they are.

Il are resolved.

But none may recall the short eternity when, Day dead astern, night re-entered our lives.

Third Prise. Strow

Strowen Robertson

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from the state of the s but the time part offers of the last plant of the life This transfer comments of the state of the s Levroni receiption of the contract to the contract of is the parameters his set (The great will not bear out) iake death it is our and waiting. This is not now. a parturi ont loss will find us our futures of every Now, but this is not now, seems ofther ... - - ... We play the linguity and startin our own meaning with as which or to the bide and sold willied on. Where objected buried child. Pilating To an off unconceered world. of the state of the part of leave us alone.) The production of the table tacks the first the series The page will new to

the second of the sea

You say it is a folly of the mind To think a house may hearken and give answer? I tell you I have stood at people's doors Not once or twice, but times enough to know It happens and is not wind-sighing either. One knows the pattern of familiar sounds Set off like signals by a rap or ring--Chair scuffed from table, the dull thump of feet Let rudely down from elevated ease, Dog-barking, hurrying footsteps, a child's cry--The quick response of life being lived within And startled into wondering who you are; But when a knock brings nothing from behind A sounding panel, and one knocks again And summons only silence from beyond To press about and gather in the ears, Then it is time for one to listen closer. I tell you I have knocked at people's doors And found no answer, and tried knocking louder, And in a holdbreath silence following Have heard as plain as if someone close by Had whispered, "No use, there is no one here;" And after that I have not knocked again. Something there is about a house at rest And emptied for a little of its care That moves me to go softly on my way And not disturb what wishes to be left As unmolested outside as within: Something there is to formulate a fear Of too long lingering, of how much harm Further insistence would be like to do. Whether inanimation has a power Of good or ill is not a thing to say; What I say is that I have heard a house Whisper to me that I had best begone, And afterwards I have not knocked again.

John V. Hicks.

Honorable Mention.

deed to espect a specia of exocit guiddeling That moves me to go seffly on my way stat od of sodaky tady destalb Jon bal Purther insistence would be like to do. serged award bad I tadt on or wageld?

TABLEAU.

And rivulets ran from the motionless paddle.

The low grey day leaned over the trees,

And the soundless wind slept in an evergreen cradle.

The elk-fawn touched water with quivering lips,

The dull shadows hung like a mist on the shore,

The doe, legs spread, head down, drank deep.

While silence watched through a half-open door.

Wilf Ready

Honorable Mention.

TABLEAT

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PLAN

ne after one, down the steep flume of time,

The lopp'd and fallen years pass to their goal;

ith them fast flows the current of our prime,—

Beauty and strength of body, mind and soul,—

nexorably gliding toward the gloom.

So swift the passage, and without return!

o what dark destination leads the flume?

Flotsam and waste? And all we strive to learn

ost with the lapsing years?... But then, if so,

Why stands the flume? And whither move the years

n order'd sequence?...

In a storm of woe, he world is houseless, buffeted by fears; he builder rears a shelter from the blast, f timber from his stock-pile of the past.

Frances Durden

onorable Mention.

elect one, down the steep ilume of time,

to lopped and fallen years pass to their goal;

them fast flows the current of our prime,

sauty and strongth of body, fiind and soul,

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Frances Dardon

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MUD FLATS.

The ebb of the tide, and the flats lie naked, Only a warm river flows between them As they gleam in the late September sun. (Let this be my solace for painting.) On the deep brown sand boats lie angled and Add Wearily leaning above the mark of high water Rough pole slipways green with the slime of the tides. The shining seaweeds patched and lined and broken On the gleam of the mud Which slopes down to the thin blue river; A moored boat or two, sculs bundled in rolls. Brown painted dinghies moved with the rock of the wave, Then the broad flats again, opaque mirroring as a Pool of ink mirrors but brightens, The white spotted clouds, blue sky and the solitary seagull. As he steps, beak down, his stiff legs duplicate, patterned In the glimmering mud that feels for the sky and the green sea depths. How it shines! gleams blue-black, shines silver, grey, green. Always that sea-gree n basic subtlest colour. The grass banks of our shore are cut with tiny inlets Pools and rivers of mud. Along the stilted straggle-lined jetty four children move. While the lean black hull of the boat beyond

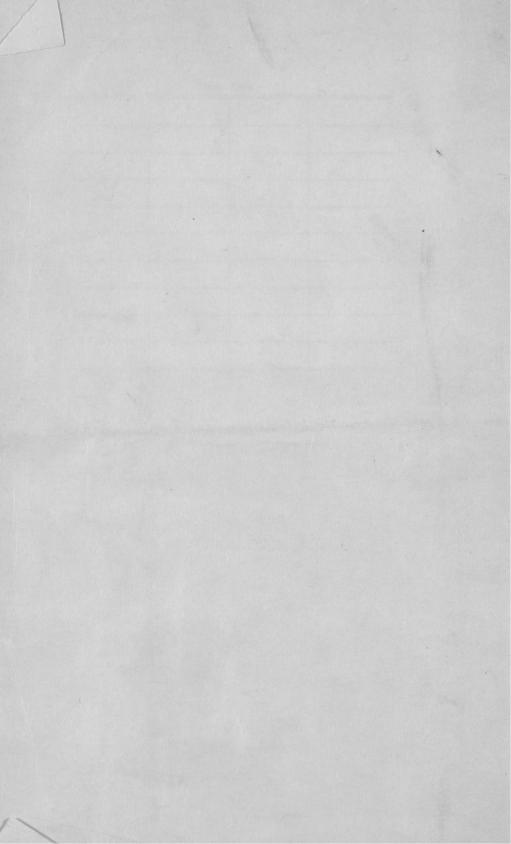
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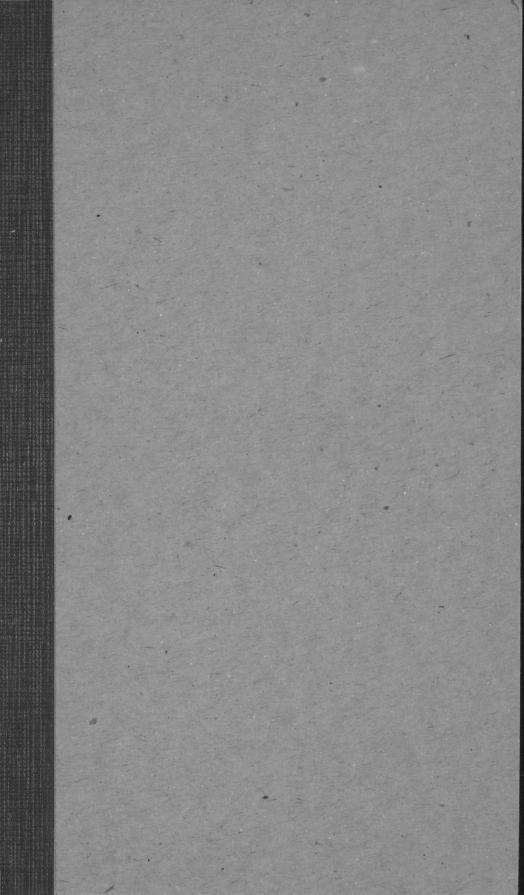
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